116, 114, 126

"Four Years Ago the Library [CMC: i. e., the New York Public Library] acquired the Aleutian manuscript texts recorded by the late Waldemar Jochelson when he headed the ethnological section of the scientific expedition sent by the Russian Geographical Society to the Aleutian Island and Kamchatka. With the assistants Jochelson reached the peninsula in the summer of 1910 and spent the following winter studying the language and culture of the aborigines, the Kamchadals, or, as they call themselves, Itelmens (='men'). He recorded a number of texts in Kamchadal and wrote several papers on the Kamchatka and its natives, which have remained largely unpublished. Last year all these manuscripts came into the possession of the Library.

Texts in Kamchadal

The studies, 129 typewritten pages in all, are couched in rather bad English. They include some notes on the geography and history of the region, but have to do chiefly with the Kamchadals, their social institutions, folklore and shamanism, as well as the various elements of their material culture, such as occupations, crafts, dwellings, food, clothes, harness, tools, weapons, armor. There are also some observations on Kamchadal diseases and folk medicine. The papers are somewhat disjointed and repetitious and give the impression of preliminary notes for a monograph. They are supplemented by some fifty photographs, presumably taken

during the expedition of 1910-11 and intended to illustrate the work that Jochelson had in preparation. They depict aborigines: men, women and children, separately and in groups, as well as landscapes, village streets, homes, dogs, products of native crafts. Three of these photographs are reproduced herewith.

Jochelson's studies include some linguistic material: a few observations on the Russian dialect spoken by the natives, a list of Itelmen terms of kinship, paradigms of Itelmen nouns, pronouns and verbs, and a sketch of the phonology of the language."

18: Yarmolinsky--3-4 L-4 (no date) 1947 Kamchadal
116, 114, 126, 177, 197, 212

"It should be noted that, like Yukagir (Odul), another Palaeoasiatic vernacular, Itelmen [CMC: i.e., the language of the Kamchadals] is well on its way to extinction. Of the 4,137 Kamchadals recorded in the Soviet census of 1926 only about 800 persons inhabiting eight villages in the Talgi district of the Kamchatka Region spoke Itelmen. The rest had become linguistically assimilated to the Russian population. (See Bolshaya sovetskaya entziklopediya,. s. v. Itelmenski yazyk and Itelmeny.) There was [4] no Kamchadal writing prior to 1932 when an Itelmen alphabet, made up of Latin characters, was worked out at the Technical School of the Peoples, of the North, Khabarovsk. That year the first Kamchadal primer was printed [CMC: Ntanselqzaalkicen! Itelmenan anselnoan kniga... Budem uchit'sa! Itel'menskaya uchebnaya kniga. Napisana brigadoĭ itel'menov, uchashchikhsya Khabarovskovo tekhnikuma Severa..., pod rukovodstvom uchitel'nitzy Ye. Orlovoĭ. Nauchno-Issledovatel'skaya Assotziatziya Instituta Narodov Severa TsIK SSSR. Leningrad: Uchpedgiz, 1932] and the following year an arithmetic [CMC: Popova, N. S. Arifmetika; uchebnik dlya 1-vo klassa nachal'noĭ shkoly; perevod na itel'menski yazyk Ye. Orlovoi. Leningrad: Uchpedgiz, 1933] These are apparently the only Kamchadal books in existence."

18: Yarmolinsky--4 L-4 (no date) 1947 Kamchadal-1-2
116, 114, 126

"This circumstance lends particular interest to the Itelmen texts which are part of the newly acquired manuscript collection. There are in all forty-one of them. With the exception of one item - a brief account of a trip from one village to another by a native, apparently an informant of Jochelson's, they are in the nature of folk tales. The texts, in the original Kamchadal, all typewritten, are provided with an interlinear literal translation, in Jochelson's hand, and with a free rendering, both in an English of sorts. The free translation is often abridged. The editing of the texts must have been carried out by the Russian ethnographer in this country, where he settled in 1922. (1)

1. A group of Kamchadal tales was recorded about 1900 by another Russian ethnographer, Waldemar Bogoras, while he was doing field work in North-Eastern Siberia as a member of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition. He placed these texts at the disposal of Jochelson, who published a free English rendering of nine of them in his monumental monograph on the Koryaks (American Museum of Natural History. Memoirs, v.10, Leiden-New York, 1908, p. 327-340). The whereabouts of the original texts is unknown. Some of these tales are variants of the stories recorded by Jochelson. The text of one Kamchadal tale, with a word-for-word Russian translation is appended to S.N. Stebnitzki's Itelmen grammar [CMC: Itel'menskiĭ yazyk. (Institut

narodov Severa, Leningrad. Nauchno-issledovatel'skaya assotziatziya. Trudy po lingvistike. Moskva, 1934. 4°. t. 3, p. 85-104)]

Below [CMC: see category 539] are given versions of three of the more attractive folk tales. The translation is based on Jochelson's word-for-word rendering. This occasionally fails to convey a satisfactory meaning, and the present writer, while seeking to adhere to the original as closely as possible, felt justified in deviating from Jochelson's interpretations."

18: Yarmolinsky--4-6 L-4 (no date) 1947 Kamchadal--1-5
116, 539

"A Tale about Geese (2)

2. For a variant of this tale see American Museum of Natural History. Memoirs, v. 10, p. 335.

There was once a gander who lived with his wife. They laid eggs, from which goslings were hatched. One of them had no wings. Autumn came and it grew cold. Other geese were flying south. The gander and his wife began to think: 'How shall we take our wingless child with us?' They shed tears. But it grew very cold. One night the gander and his wife departed, leaving behind the wingless gosling who was asleep.

At dawn the gosling woke up and [finding himself alone,] cried:

'My father and mother are gone.'

Then it began to sing [wail?]

'My mother, my mother has abandoned me, the wingless gosling.' [5]

The gander and his wife heard the child wailing. They shed tears afresh, and returned. Their hearts were aching for their child and they wondered how they could take it with them on their journey. But it was getting colder and colder. And so one night they flew away again, leaving the wingless gosling behind. When the

gosling woke up at dawn, it wailed:

'My mother, my mother has abandoned me, the wingless gosling.'

A fox who happened to pass by heard the gosling lament. He approached the gosling and invited him to stay with him.

'Come with me, 'he said,' I will take care of you.'

The gosling replied:

'No, fox, I will not come to stay with you. You will eat me up.'

'No, I am not going to eat you up.'

But the gosling would not go with the fox.

The fox got angry and said:

'When the pond freezes and you have nothing to eat, I will come and eat you up anyhow.' And he went away.

The gosling started to wail:

'My mother, my mother has abandoned me, the wingless gosling, and now I shall freeze in the pond.'

He kept on swimming in the pond [and wailing]. Sinañewt (3) was passing by

3. A female character figuring in many of the Kamchadal tales - the daughter of Kutq (Raven).

and heard someone wailing. The sound was so sad that she started to cry. Then she saw the gosling swimming in the pond. She made beautiful scoops [nests?] out of grass, and went up to the pond and asked the gosling to go with her.

'Come with me, 'she said,' you will freeze here.'

Finally the gosling agreed. She put him into a nest and carried him home with her. There she dug out a pond and stocked it with fish. In that pond the gosling passed the winter.

Then spring came. Sinañewt made a pair of wings for the gosling and fastened them on him. The gosling flew off and after a while came back. Sinañewt asked him:

'Well, how are the wings?'

'They are not bad. I flew quite a distance.'

The next day Sinañewt made another pair of wings and fastened them on the gosling. Again he flew off and, after a while, came back.

'Well, how are these wings?' Sinañewt asked.

'They are pretty good; I flew a long way.' [6]

Then Sinañewt made a third pair of wings and again sent the gosling out to try them. He flew off and when he came back she asked him:

'Well, how are the wings?'

'They are very good, as though they grew on me.'
Sinañewt then said:
'Well, now go and meet your father and mother.'
And the gosling flew off to meet his father and mother. He came upon some goslings and asked them:
'Where are my father and mother?'
'They are flying just behind us,' was the answer.
Then he met his father and mother. They sat down.
'Where are you bound for?' they asked him.
'To meet you.'
'To whom then do you belong?'
'I am your child.'
'You are deceiving us. Our wingless child we left behind.' And the parents began to cry. The gosling said:
'I will tell you about me. Last year you left me behind on the pond. There I stayed and wailed. At first a fox came along. He invited me to go with him. Later Sinañewt came and took me home with her. There I passed the winter. She took good care of me and made me a pair of wings.'
The gander and his wife were happy.

'Well,' they said, 'let us go.'
They went to the home of Sinañewt. The oldest son of the two geese married Sinañewt. They all rejoiced and from that time on they lived happily lacking for nothing."

"Buried Alive.

Once there lived a man called Kutq with his wife, Miti. They had a son, Ememqut, and a daughter, Sinañewt. Ememqut lived by himself, and his father did not get enough to eat [?]. One day Kutq said to his wife:

'Miti, my time is near. Tomorrow I shall die. Make all preparations. Get some fat and meat from Ememqut, and you supply kiprei (4) and a basket of shiksha (5)

4. A plant: Epilobium angustifolium (willow herb).

5. Empetrum nigrum.

berries. Put into the grave a bowl, a mixing spoon, a pestle, a bucket of water, some firewood, a stone lamp, and start a fire there.'

Miti started preparations for Kutq's journey.

'Kutq, you are lying,' said Miti. 'You are not going to die.'

'Yes, I am, Miti,' retorted Kutq. 'It is true.' [7]

Miti started cooking the meat, making tolkusha (6) and other foods to put in her

6. A native dish regarded as a dainty, which is made by pounding fat

> with several ingredients, including berries and the roots of sarana [Polygonum viviparum]. 'The tolkusha prepared with reindeer fat tastes well,' writes Jochelson in one of the unpublished studies mentioned above, 'but one cannot say the same of tolkusha with seal's fat.'

husband's grave. Then Kutq had a hearty meal, washed himself, and sat down. The whole family looked at him. Suddenly Kutq opened his eyes wide and dropped dead. The family took fright. Ememqut dug a large grave and covered it with boards. They took Kutq from the house into the courtyard and carried him to the grave. Sirim (7) noticed

7. In another tale she figures as a daughter of Kutq and Miti.

that the dead man was smiling and she smiled, too.

'Look,' she said, 'Kutq is smiling.'

'Dont you tell lies,' said Miti. How can a dead man smile?

Kutq was laid in the grave together with much food. When it turned dark, Kutq lit his lamp, started a fire and began to pound tolkusha. Sirim, going out of the house, noticed a light in Kutq's grave and heard the noise of pounding. She returned to the house and said:

'Miti, there is a light in Kutq's grave and there is a noise coming from it as of someone pounding tolkusha.

'Why tell lies?' said Miti. 'How can a dead man pound tolkusha? You are crazy.'

Kutq continued to stay in his grave and have hearty meals. When the food gave out, he left the pit and made for home. When they saw him coming, the family took fright.

'Don't be afraid,' said Kutq, 'I came alive again. I was not admitted to the other world. Miti, call the children together.'

When all the family was gathered together, Kutq said:

'Ememqut, God commanded you to feed me well, to honor me, and he desires us to live together.'

Ememqut began to feed his father well and to honor him, and Kutq ceased to be in need and he had plenty of everything."

"Kuskl'naqu and the Crab (8)

8. For a variant of this tale see American Museum of Natural History. Memoirs, v.10, p.334.

Once there lived a man called Kuskl'naqu. He decided to go out to the promontory. On the way he met a crab, and said to him:

'Little crab, take me on your shoulders and carry me.' [8]

'When do you want to be carried?' asked the crab. 'I will not sleep any more now; I will carry you.'

Kuskl'naqu then sang the following song:

'Crab, crab, wake up and carry me.'

'Very well, Kuskl'naqu, come on, I'll take you on my shoulders and carry you.'

He carried him toward the sea and kept on going a long time.

'Well, crab, 'said Kuskl'naqu, 'you've carried me far enough. If you carry me any farther, you will drown me in the sea. Enough!'

'Well' said the crab, 'you kept me from sleeping and ordered me to carry you. So now, stay where you are.'

Then Kuskl'naqu sank to the bottom of the sea. There he found a house with people

in it. They received him well , seated him and fed him dried meat and other good things. He became very thirsty, but the people hid all the water and the water vessels and went to sleep, making believe they did not know that Kuskl'naqu was thirsty. At night Kuskl'naqu woke up and started to look for water, but could not find any.

'Girls,' he cried, 'wake up, dear girls, I am thirsty!'

But they pretended to be fast asleep.

'Sisters,' they said to each other, 'let us look at him at least with one eye. He is thirsty.'

Then he made his way to the river but found that the river had dried up.

'Well,' he exclaimed, 'what have the girls done with the water? Where is it? Why is the earth dry?'

Then he started back to the house. When he got there he sat down and said he would give his family for a glimpse of water. [?]. He spoke of his Miti [his wife?] looking at herself in a bucket of water and of his Anaráql'ñawt [his daughter?] combing her hair, using water as a mirror. At last he spoke of his pretty daughter Sinañewt, who was looking at her face in another bucket. [The people listened to him, making believe they were asleep.]

Presently they all woke up.

'Oh, grandfather, you are thirsty,' they said; 'girls, hurry up and fetch him a drink.'

Kuskl'naqu emptied the bucket that was brought to him. Then he made for the river and bowed down to drink the water from the river. He emptied the whole river. Then he died."